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OLD SERIES, VOL. 39. CHICAGO, AUGUST 5, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.

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A HARVEST PICTURE.

Along the heaven's barren pasture land
The moon is treading with her silver feet,
Like some poor maiden through the darkness fleet
Pursued by her own shadow. In her hand,
Inverted, flames a bright and blazing brand
That lights the dingle's innermost retreat,
And tints the russet on the bearded wheat
That with the morrow waits the gleaner's hand.
A hill, encircled with a forest, spurs
The far horizon with a seeming trust;
A beggar by the gate awakes the curs,
Denying him the pittance of a crust;
Before him winds the road beneath the firs,
Ana spreading to the moon its trackless dust.

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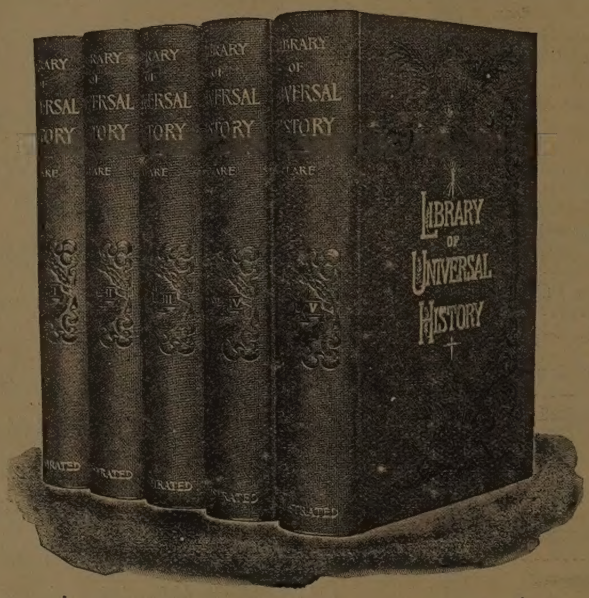

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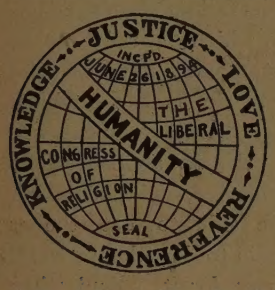
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1897. NUMBER 23



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

The running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the cow, crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue.

—WALT WHITMAN.

A business man of Illinois sends his life membership fee of twenty-five dollars to the Congress with these cheering words: "I am very anxious for the success of this grand movement. I am willing to make sacrifice for it. Hope to meet you in Nashville."

Another opportunity is afforded us of studying the unfortunate passion of the human heart for gold. The tide to the Klondyke mines on the Alaskan border has already set in, and unless some strong sense and aggressive science asserts itself, the exposures, hardships, and deaths met by the Argonauts of '49, in their mad push across the deserts to California, will be repeated in this reckless plunge into the region of eternal ice. No sandy desert is too hot, and no ice-clad mountain too cold for the gold-seekers to confront, and yet the wealth of the world is not found in mines, and is not told in gold.

An American paper says: "Japan's repeated protests against the American annexation of Hawaii, and consequent damage to Japanese vested rights, is sheer foolishness. Japan will find she has not China to deal with this time." Without discussing the merits of Japan's claim, does it mean that because we are supposed to be more civilized and more powerful than Japan, it is therefore presumptuous to expect that we will consider in a spirit of fairness any protest Japan has to make? One of Japan's representatives at the Parliament of Religions in 1893 showed up the iniquity of America's treaty-relations with his country with an impassioned bravery of utterance that compelled bursts of applause from his American audience. Should not the test of a nation's real greatness and civilization be its justice, yea, magnanimity, toward weaker and less civilized nations?

An article on the advertising field in England in *Printers' Ink* makes the following complimentary complaint which must sound very strange to an American newspaper man, but it will be a happy day for American morals when our newspapers rise to the London standard:

"The London papers, however, handicap their advertising men by making the news features of their publications paramount to everything else. One has no guarantee that his advertisement will appear on a specified date, nor will it be accepted with such a proviso."

However, on another page we find evidence that the Englishman knows how to advertise, and is not incapable of the Yankee trick of serving the Lord and at the same time turning an honest penny by way of advertisement.

Mr. Lipton, the great tea importer, has been advertising in the old and favorite manner, *i. e.*, by donating a sum to a public charity. Some time ago he gave £25,000 to the Princess of Wales's fund for a dinner to be given to the poor on the evening of the Queen's Day, June 22d. The newspapers lauded the fact, and the Prince of Wales wrote his thanks to a press agency of London, who immediately dispatched it to all papers. The theaters took the matter up, and in the comedian's songs were woven the name of Lipton and his famous teas. Rather expensive advertising, but probably Mr. Lipton got his money's worth.

We have often had occasion to speak of the Old South Work with approval. The last two numbers of the Old South Leaflets, numbers 78 and 79, give us a reprint of the first number of the *Liberator*, bearing date of Saturday, January 1, 1831, nearly sixty-seven years ago; and the eulogy pronounced by Wendell Phillips at the funeral of William Lloyd Garrison. In the former every page is a bugle note, every article a call to the spirit. Most of it is the direct product of the editor's hand, William Lloyd Garrison's. We cut from his "To the Public" the whole of that passage which is so often quoted, more or less accurately, believing that our

readers will be glad to have the authoritative text of the great proclamation. Let them do better yet by sending an order to the Old South Meeting House for the pamphlet complete:

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I *will be* as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

It is pretended, that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. *The charge is not true.* On this question my influence—humble as it is—is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years,—not perniciously, but beneficially,—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God that He enables me to disregard "the fear of man which bringeth a snare," and to speak His truth in its simplicity and power.

And here I close with this fresh dedication:

Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other bow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:
Such is the vow I take—SO HELP ME GOD!

—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

Boston, January 1, 1831.

Whatever may be said of the purely literary phases of the August *Atlantic*, it becomes a most timely and valuable number by virtue of the leading article on the American forests, by John Muir, and the editorial comment upon the same subject. These articles are of intense interest, not only from the standpoint of the political economist, but also from that of the poet and scientist. The article begins by calling attention to the primeval forests of America as being "the best God ever planted," containing about five hundred species of trees, all of them in some way useful to man, ranging from twenty-five to four hundred feet high. And then, attention is called to the ruthless iconoclasm that for two centuries has been recklessly denuding the continent and devastating these forests. The timber thieves still persist not only in doing what they can towards rendering arid the continent, but deliberately stealing from the government domains. We learn in the editorial comment that one of the last official acts of President Cleveland was "to increase the reserved forest land of the country until it included some forty million acres, and that this act was fiercely attacked by the noisy men in the West, who grow rich by pasturing sheep and stealing timber." They failed to annul the act, but their renewed energies under the present administration have succeeded and their reservations suspended until the first of March next, which "simply means that during the next eight months any one who cares to take the trouble to do so can establish claims in these forests which the government will have to pay an exorbitant price to abolish if the reservations are ever re-established, and that the big mining companies will be able to cut timber enough on the public domain to last them several years, and of course not pay for it. And when the first of March comes, if there is any valuable timber left in Mr. Cleveland's reservations, uncut or unclaimed, no great difficulty will be found in suspending the order for another year or two." Mr. Muir's article shows in striking contrast to the American recklessness what is being done by the powers of Europe to protect the forests, which are absolutely necessary to preserve that balance of nature which makes the globe habitable to man. Prussia controls all its woodlands, and administers them in the interest of the whole nation, cutting such trees as can be spared, preserving others. France has sold no government forests since 1870, and has spent fifty million francs in replanting denuded areas. Switzerland, since 1875, has a federal forest law and official foresters. Russia, since 1880, has forbidden the clearing of forests "only when its effects will not be to disturb the suitable relations which should exist between forest and agricultural lands." Even Japan and India are ahead of the United States in this respect. Surely in this case the essayist is justified in calling Uncle Sam "a fool in business matters." The tree-lover has been dismissed as a sentimentalist when he pleads for the woods, but the verdict of the economist is more commanding, and the present condition of Spain and Palestine is a terrible warning of what awaits the country that ruthlessly destroys its forests, the great irrigators and waterworks of nature. Those interested in the further study of this problem will do well to secure the Report of the National Academy of Science, solicited by Hon. Hoke Smith when Secretary of the Interior in 1896, and published by the Department of the Interior last May. Meanwhile let the love of country be developed until it also includes a love of trees. The enlightened soul ought to have a subtle consciousness that will include the tree. The search for ancestral roots along evolutionary lines reaches at least oak and elm, and as much farther as fancy, judgment and natural attraction may dictate.

St. Gaudens's Statue of John A. Logan.

On the 22d of July, the anniversary of the fatal day when General McPherson fell in the front before Atlanta, and John A. Logan, next in command, led the army of the Tennessee to victory, there was, 'mid great pomp of military display, brilliant fireworks, and high oratory, unveiled in the Lake Front Park, Chicago, a bronze equestrian statue of General Logan, a statue upon which St. Gaudens, perhaps the most celebrated sculptor in America, worked for ten years. It is a statue which the friends of the hero and the sculptor fondly hope will take its place among the foremost works of art in this country. It represents the "Black Eagle," as the dashing General was called, in the supreme moment of his leadership, when bare-headed, waving an American flag in his hand, he calls upon the followers of the beloved McPherson to avenge his death and vindicate his leadership. The statue is full of action, the horse modeled after a noble animal, is intense from tail to foretop, one forefoot in the air is pawing impatiently. The General's head is thrown back, breast forward and the right hand holding high the long staff with the folded flag gathered in the hand. The whole is full of magnificent action, pictorial, dramatic, almost sensational. It is a statue to be seen once and never to be forgotten. If the newspapers are to be credited, it is a statue that has thus far met with the most unqualified approbation of the critics. Indeed, if any fault is to be found with it, it probably lies in the excellence of the execution. The moment of strain, the tiptoe stretch of soul or body scarcely belongs to bronze. The passing moment may be caught upon the canvas and made perpetual, but the calm dignity which goes with art in three dimensions, the cubical quality, it would seem, requires that the subject should be represented at its poise, its high average, its sustained power. We fear the citizens of Chicago will tire of the pawing horse and the uplifted flag. Human nerves will ache for the strained arm, and they will gladly turn from the Lake Front Park to that other statue of St. Gaudens in Lincoln Park, his noble Lincoln, standing in the gray of deep meditation, with the restful chair within reach. Perhaps the technique of the Logan statue is equal to or superior to that of the Lincoln, maybe the modeling makes this last his masterpiece, although that was a quotable saying of the artist who when asked, "Do you consider this your masterpiece?" replied, "No, the next work is always my masterpiece"; but spiritually, we predict the statue will not be so satisfying or even inspiring as a representation of more sustained power would be. Those who have seen the perennially uplifted arm of Edward Everett in the public gardens of Boston, or the rampaginous horse of "Old Hickory" at New Orleans, sitting almost on his haunches, with his two forefeet in the air, will, we think, know what we mean. Who would not like to give Edward Everett a rest by letting down his arm for a while? and what a relief it would be to think of General Jackson and his horse once in a while resting on four feet instead of two!

However it may be with the art of it, spiritually a man's permanent power is determined by his average, not by his exceptional mood. It is what he is every day and all the while, not what he reaches at a given point, that fixes his place in the community, and maybe in history. Even morality itself becomes immoral and impotent when strained out of proportions, making that dramatic and spectacular which should be normal.

One other spiritual suggestion came to us as we looked upon the splendid bronze two hours after its unveiling, with the kindling words of George R. Peck and other orators before our eyes. Man at his mightiest leans forward rather than backward, as he does in this statue. The leader in thought and in morals, the persuasive attitude of the spirit is the one that strains forward rather than the one that leans backward. Self-consciousness breaks the spell in the protruded stomach; self abandonment is represented by the drooping brow or the forward pushing shoulders.

But a truce to criticism. Illinois is the richer for the honor it has bestowed upon its heroes, and Chicago parks have a spiritual endowment in their monuments of Lincoln, Grant, and Logan, all of them banner-bearers of the great state in the trying days. May its children live up to these heroes, and may the modern mother follow the example of the Grecian matrons who often stood before the high models of the human form found in Greek statuary, hoping thereby that their unborn children might take upon themselves something of the matchless grace and perfect form.

A New Cure for the Plague.

The terrible revelations of Julian Hawthorne in the July *Cosmopolitan*, concerning plague and famine in India, ought, and it seems, must, rouse the whole civilized world to a sense of responsibility for these unhappy beings. There can be no doubt that it is possible in a few years to stamp out the plague from India, China, and Japan, as the small-pox has been stamped out of Europe and America. Before Jenner's discovery of inoculation, the small-pox was a scourge dreaded next to the black death. Communities yielded to it as an inscrutable providence. In Würtemburg, before the time of vaccination, one in thirteen of all the children died of small-pox; after vaccination became general, only one in sixteen hundred. London was one of the cities formerly most of all afflicted by the scourge. Macaulay states that it was then rare to meet a man in

London whose face was not pitted. In 1890, there was but one death from that cause in all the great city. A famous English physician declares that "Jenner has saved, is now saving, and will continue to save in all coming ages, more lives in one generation than were destroyed in all the wars of Napoleon."

And now the plague-bacillus has been discovered and a specific against it has been found, by inoculation, with which, before the third day, the patient can almost infallibly be saved.

Kitasato and Aoyama, with assistants, were commissioned by the Japanese government, and M. Yersin by the French government, to study the bubonic plague in Hong-Kong in 1894. Kitasato discovered the plague-bacillus. Then attention was turned to finding a specific for the terrible disease. Some of the plague-bacilli were carried from Hong-Kong to Paris by Yersin, and there for two years the search for a plague antitoxine was patiently carried on in the Pasteur Institute, thousands of miles away from the seat of the disease, by men who had never seen a plague victim. The discovery of the serum was made in the Pasteur laboratory of Roux (the discoverer of the diphtheria antitoxine) by Yersin, Calmette, and Borrel.

What a wonderful achievement! Comparable to the patient search which grew out of a conviction of some unknown planet to account for the perturbations of Uranus—a search which at last rewarded Adams and Leverrier. But this—while no less romantic and thrilling—how much richer in human blessing!

In June, 1896, the serum was carried to Canton and applied to the cure of the plague. Yersin in ten days treated twenty-three cases in Chinese homes under bad sanitary conditions, with the following results:

Six plague cases taken on the first day. All cured within twelve to twenty-four hours, without suppuration of the bubos (the lymphatic glands under the arm, in the neck, groin, etc.) by injection of from twenty to thirty c.c.m. of serum.

Six taken second day; cured in three or four days without suppuration.

Four taken third day. All cured, but slowly; two cases of suppuration.

Three taken on fourth day; cured in five or six days.

Four taken on fifth day; two died, whose cases were desperate from the outset.

The full significance of these facts is realized when we read in the official report that the customary Chinese death-rate is 93.4 per cent.

It would appear that the French and Japanese governments are ahead of the English in the scientific treatment of the plague. Our friend, Nagarkar, in a letter from Bombay published in UNITY a few weeks ago, makes no mention of the serum-therapy, and speaks of the plague as something to be endured with resignation.

The fear and superstition of the natives cause them to shun the application of this remedy, as did so many of the people of Jenner's day,—led by the clergy who denounced vaccination as a crime against God, who sent the affliction as one of His inscrutable providences, and would doubtless send a more terrible one if impious men sought to circumvent His wrath. But medical science will in time conquer here as it has conquered elsewhere, giving one more bloodless victory to a suffering world. Says Andrew D. White in his "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology": "Had not such men as Roger Bacon and his long line of successors been thwarted by theological authority, . . . the world to-day, at the end of the nineteenth century, would have arrived at the solution of great problems and the enjoyment of great results which will only be reached at the end of the twentieth century, and even in generations more remote. Diseases like typhoid fever, influenza, and pulmonary consumption, scarlet fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, and *la grippe*, which now carry off so many most precious lives, would have long since ceased to scourge the world."

Already, the discovery of antitoxine has placed diphtheria along with small-pox as a preventable or easily subdued disease; there is reasonable ground for hope that consumption, in its early stages, will prove curable by its antitoxine, and devoted and painstaking scientists are seeking out the specific causes of each of the other diseases enumerated—so that it is reasonable to expect that, before the end of the twentieth century, Dr. White's hope for this less superstitious age may be realized.

C. J. B. C.

Life.

I know not really what thou art,
But know, O life! we cannot part;
Death's curtain does not fall between
My sight and that on which I lean.
By law united, we shall be
United thus eternally!
Nor beat of heart, nor thought nor breath,
Nor thou, dear life, art lost in death!
The body, that doth waste and die,
It is not thou, it is not I;
I am the center, thou the shield,
We are divinely linked and sealed!
Where thou wouldst go, I sure am there,
And whether "night or morning" share
With thee sorrow and tears, or birth
Into the glories not of Earth.

Minneapolis, Minn. —EDSON B. RUSSELL.

The Value of a Poet.

Consider what the human mind *en masse* would have been if there had been no such combination of elements in it as has produced poets. All the philosophers and *savants* would not have sufficed to supply that deficiency. And how can the life of nations be understood without the inward light of poetry—that is of emotion blending with thought? —*George Eliot.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Retribution.

As great Atrides on that fatal day,
When the third battle rent the Trojan plain,
And great unnumbered hosts lay with the slain,
The sons of false Antimachus did slay
But for their father's fault, without delay,
Though they besought him with wild cries of pain,—
Even so does Nature her sure ends attain,
And purge the race,—no power her hand can stay.
"If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die";
The edict has gone forth, but no man heeds,
Or fondly deems the gods may yet relent;
But all in vain, the suffering children cry—
They reap the fruits of guilty fathers' deeds,
A shuddering world beholds their punishment.

—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

From New Mexico.

The Pueblos: When the first Spanish explorers from Mexico arrived in the district now called New Mexico, they found many little towns occupied by sedentary, agricultural, industrious Indians. Their home was an arid land. It is a land where the sky is almost perpetually blue, but of astonishing atmospheric effects. It is a land of fantastically eroded, brilliantly colored rock; a land of flat-topped *mesas* and jagged *buttes*; a desert land where every little water-pool is precious, and yet where terrific cloudbursts and downfalls of rain do occur. It is a land of sagebrush and cactus and stunted conifers. The tourist whirling through it on the train, often longs but to be done with it; but to him upon whom its spell falls, there is no lovelier place.

The descendants of those industrious Indians still live there, in some places at their old sites. There are to-day in New Mexico and Arizona twenty-six inhabited *Pueblos*. The largest is Zuñi, with perhaps twelve hundred souls. Possibly six, anyway four, different language stocks are represented there. Among these are the *Queres*, and among the *Queres* pueblos is Cochiti. It lies upon a terrace overlooking the Rio Grande, which this year really has been a "grand river," flooding the low bottom land, through which it runs, far and wide. Its inhabitants are quiet, busy folk, permeated with the mystery and religiosity of the southwest, superstitious and suspicious. We went among them on our last journey to secure life masks in plaster, showing various types. It is no easy matter, even among whites, speaking one's own language, to explain the desirability of such a work; much greater are the difficulties among the Pueblos, where the only medium of communication is a tongue, not only foreign to them, but to ourselves. Still success accompanied us and sixteen busts and two life figures were secured.

Sante Fe: The road from Cochiti to Santa Fe is almost continuously upward. The trail runs from the river, up a steep ascent covered with rocks, and narrowing finally into a veritable pass, comes out on to a lofty plain unbroken by trees or massive rocks. Santa Fe lies in a little hollow near the base of mountains which rise to considerable height. It is a place historically interesting but of no beauty. The *plaza* is hardly central to the town; it is surrounded on three sides by business houses. On the fourth side is the old "palace"—a single-storied, quaint building with a history. In it now are housed the offices of governor, secretary of state, and other territorial officials, also the Territorial Historical Society. Places which people visit are the Indian schools, penitentiary, palace, government building, cathedral, Historical Society museum, cathedral museum, and the old church of San Miguel. The Historical Society's collection lacks completeness, consistency and arrangement. The Society occupies a most favorable field, within easy reach of the modern pueblos, and, surrounded by ruins of ancient towns, it has every opportunity to gather, at little cost, one of the most striking ethnographic and archæologic museums of the world. There are indeed some interesting objects in its possession. The collection of ex-Governor Prince and one or two smaller series purchased by the Society, contain some good prizes. But now, someone with time, knowledge, and ideas, taking what is now in hand as a basis, and *properly arranging* it, should develop a truly creditable collection.

New Mexico at Nashville : It speaks well for the enterprise of New Mexico, that it is the only section of the far West, which is at all represented in the great Exposition at Nashville. Its exhibit occupies one-sixth of the building devoted to Spanish-America. It is located between the exhibits of Mexico and Chile. Hon. J. J. Leeson, who was commissioner from the Territory to the Chicago and Atlanta Expositions, is in charge. The exhibit is chiefly, but by no means exclusively, a mineral display. Few persons appreciate the variety and richness of New Mexican ores; gold, silver, copper, zinc, and lead are among the products of the Territory. Mr. Leeson is himself a mineralogist, and the specimens displayed are not only intrinsically rich but beautiful and showy. The exhibit attracts much attention. From Albuquerque south to El Paso lies a region destined to be one of the great fruit districts of the future. All travelers through that stretch must remember *Las Cruces* with its beautiful peaches, luscious grapes, and handsome apples. During the season fresh fruits will constantly be shipped to Nashville, and will be distributed freely to visitors. When we remonstrated with Mr. Leeson on the prodigality of such procedure, he replied that there was no other way in which people will appreciate the fruit of the district, and that New Mexico *is abundantly able to supply the Nation.*

FREDERICK STARR.

"Heed not the fastidious critic who tells you that the world has outgrown the church—that the living voice of trust and aspiration shall soon have no response from sorrowing and struggling men. Depend upon it, *his* is the humour of the hour; and *you* who keep to the old reverent ways are taking sides with the perpetuity of our humanity. Fear not that you have here to do with any perishable work. Crowd the pavement of the church with the aged and the young; make it the favorite storehouse of earnest vows and living sacrifice; train its echoes to sweet and holy hymns, that shall blend soul with soul, and carry all to God; and, thus sanctified, let it stand by night and day a silent witness to the world of invisible and heavenly things."

JAMES MARTINEAU.

An Appeal for Japan's Unity Hall and "School for Advanced Learning."

Though a few Unitarians are averse to missionary enterprise, lest it savor of illiberality, most of them believe that loyalty to one's own views demands the imparting of them to others, even if they are not accepted. Whichever view is the true one, it is evident that the visit home of Rev. Clay MacCauley from Japan has awakened fresh interest in his purposes, for the present question is not, shall Unitarian work be *begun* there, but shall it be *continued?*" When the mission was first started, there was some opposition to it, and much grave doubt concerning it. It has met with grievous difficulties and large success, but under Mr. MacCauley has demonstrated its capacity for permanence. His directing skill, financial wisdom, and wise enthusiasm have so taught the Japanese how to become their own leaders, teachers, and preachers, that doubt of the work should now cease to exist.

Hard was it for him, leaving Tokyo full of hope, to learn in Boston of A. U. A. retrenchment in every direction, since an organization has even less right than an individual to live beyond its income. He at once relinquished part of his salary and planned for still further reduction of expenses—that is, for less work to be done in Japan. But at the end of a year what shall happen? Japan is so far off it needs to know its answer long before that time. May I not plead through THE NEW UNITY that all liberal-minded, religious friends, East and West, North and South, should rally to the support of his work by pledges of pennies, dimes, dollars? They should be sent to him or to the A. U. A. by individuals, alliances, clubs, churches, that the school may be continued for three years, and that no further doubt of American help shall distress the Unitarian Japanese, who have broken away from home and caste for the truth, as it has been revealed to them. By that time it is believed that the Japanese themselves can almost wholly carry on the work begun by us here.

Already has Tokyo its beautiful Unity Hall, the headquarters of liberal religion, with a J. U. A. instead of an A. U. A. In the hall is centered the various activities of the mission; primarily the "First Unitarian Church of Tokyo," with 112 members, who have signed a "Bond of Union," and hold Sunday and mid-week services with a church-service book. Its pastor is Saji, once a Buddhist, who would have inherited his father's temple if he had not studied for two years at the school. Here, too, is the Postoffice Mission, which has distributed 21,000 tracts and pamphlets, 1,400 books, 1,900 magazines, all in answer to applications, and with postage prepaid. Some months as much as $70 have been thus received. Prepaid postage is the best testimony to Mr. MacCauley's success. Clarke, Bixby, Gannett, Savage, MacCauley, Fiske, and Batchelor are the writers, chiefly. At the hall also is found the *Japanese Year Book*, a monthly magazine, each issue varying from 800 to 1,000 copies, and the "School for Advanced Learning," a combination of a divinity school and a university extension system.

Mr. MacCauley is its president, dean, and secretary, with seven professors associated with him, only two of whom give their whole time to the school. It is devoted to religion, ethics, and social science, and has twelve courses of lectures, which run from one to two years, with examinations twice a year. Thirty-two native students have become teachers, writers, preachers. Mr. MacCauley's proficiency in the Japanese language has facilitated the teaching, and this coming year all his own lectures will be given by himself in Japanese. The professors in the school, formerly Buddhists, are men in high literary positions; one, who is now the first native Christian preacher in Japan, having said six years ago that Unitarianism was immoral and vicious.

It is ever to be remembered that to the Japanese the word Unitarian signifies a *type of character, rational free religion, and integrity.*

Figures cannot convey the reality of Mr. MacCauley's quiet, intense conviction,—that liberal religion in Japan depends upon the growth of Unity Hall. To hear him talk is to feel as he does. He is a member of various Japanese societies, of the Tokyo Club, whose president is a prince, and is also one of the four foreign members of a special committee. He is corresponding secretary of the Asiatic Society, and chairman of the Tokyo Dramatic and Musical Association. Such unusual opportunities for becoming acquainted with Japanese thought have given him a knowledge which we can freely trust when he urges us to continue the mission, and we, who have but little to give and an hundred ways to give it in our own land, and who are faint-hearted by dint of perpetual economy, hesitate! Still let me plead, not that we economize more, but that *just now* part of our mites shall go to Japan.

A few words about Mr. MacCauley's *Introductory Course in Japanese* may not be amiss. Though a grammar, many of its pages read as a delightful essay. In concise, scholarly manner the introduction gives a summary of the present Tokyo dialect, as it is read, written, and spoken in polite society. Out of this Tokyo colloquial will come the future Japanese language, just as the historical Kana classics will be the basis for literary expression. The parallel that MacCauley draws between the Tudor English and the Meiji Japanese, and his presentation of the effect of the incoming of Buddhism on Japanese literature, is admirable. Even the most cursory reader will enjoy them, as he will also, if he has any fun in him, the chapter on *Honorific Forms of Speech.*

The imaginary conversations which are set forth for the student are eminently natural, while one who is not a student can gain some idea of the difficulties to be surmounted, by studying the "Illustrative Proverbs," which prove MacCauley's position of the impracticability of a literal rendering of Japanese into English: e. g. "Too much politeness becomes rudeness," is an English proverb; translated it reads as "Politeness if exceed, rudeness that becomes." Again, in English is the proverb, "If a thing be swallowed its heat is forgotten," in Japanese, "Throat base having passed, hotness forgot."

This grammar has been acknowledged by eastern and western students as the clearest, most sensible, thorough, practical Japanese Grammar which has ever been written by native or foreigner.

Boston, Mass. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

President Andrews and Brown University.

On the 22d of July culminated the episode of a recent meeting of the Brown University Corporation, at which Congressman Joseph H. Walker favored restraining President E. Benjamin Andrews from public utterances on some economic questions, in the announcement of the President's resignation. What else could President Andrews do than resign, without loss of self-respect and sacrifice of his rights as an American citizen. He was informed that his views as to the free coinage of silver had already lost to the University gifts and legacies which otherwise would have come or have been assured to it, and the "hope" was expressed that he would cease to promulgate his views in the future. John D. Rockefeller, it is asserted, has withheld a gift of $1,000,000, which would have been bestowed when his son was graduated from the University this year but for the President's financial heresies. There was no complaint that the President had taught these views in the University to the students, but that he had made them public from time to time.

President Andrews promptly informed the Advisory and Executive Committee of the University that he could not comply with the wishes of the corporation "without surrendering that reasonable liberty of utterance which my predecessors, my faculty colleagues, and myself have hitherto enjoyed, and in the absence of which the most ample endowment for an educational institution would have but little worth," and he therefore resigned his position.

The acceptance of President Andrews' resignation, and the election of a successor who will be discreet enough to keep his views to himself, if they are distasteful to Rockefeller and others from whom the Corporation is looking for gifts, will probably be the next act in this programme for suppressing freedom and independence of expression in the President of a University, and gaining the favor thereby of the millionaires who will make gifts on condition that no utterances by the faculty be allowed which these millionaires cannot endorse. The policy thus indicated, carried out, will destroy all independence and intellectual honesty in university professors, who will be appointed with reference to their readiness to teach so as to please trusts and corporations, and the chairs will be filled by toadies and sycophants. If an independent man who thinks more of principle than of expediency gets a position by any mistake on the part of the university authorities, he will be forced to leave, as Prof. Bemis was forced out of the Chicago University by President Harper, in order to conciliate the same money influences which have compelled President Andrews to resign his position, after having done what he has for Brown University.

A university that allows multi-millionaires, even those of ill-gotten wealth—wealth acquired by methods such as Rockefeller has used, to dictate its policy, what it shall teach or what views its president and professors may or may not utter, does not deserve to exist. Of what use is such an institution in promoting freedom and independence of thought, or love of truth, or development of character, and how can it prepare minds to deal honestly and courageously with the economic, social and industrial problems which confront this generation? With the soundness or unsoundness of President Andrews' financial views I am not here concerned. It is only necessary to say that he has as much right to give utterance to them on all proper occasions, as he would have if they had received the approval of Mr. Rockefeller and others who have contemplated making gifts of money to Brown University.

B. F. U.

Correspondence.

The "Fraternity of the Liberal Congress" Again.

To the Editor of New Unity:—

Referring to a recent editorial note on the liberal congress, an interested reader desires to ask a few questions. Eminently earnest and able disciples of the liberal congress are as yet undecided as to what particular *kind* of missionary work is the mission of that organization; but is there any doubt that the preponderant purpose is the spread of the gospel of tolerance and good-will? Is not this sufficient to "inspire the sacrifice" of individual opinion as to what constitutes missionary work? By co-operation, will not enthusiasm be awakened, rather than by withdrawal of the force of even one sympathetic, albeit discouraged, official or lay member?

Upon the supposition that liberalism will sooner bring about the millennium than orthodoxy, daily sacrifices are being made to establish working centers, hospitable to all forms of thought; and all efforts to promote good-will among men must be accounted as missionary service.

Your disheartened correspondent says: "We need the sects and we need the friction that comes of conflict." The effort of the skilled mechanic is to *prevent*, not *produce* friction, which interferes with, and, unchecked, eventually stops the movement of his lathe. Has anything tended more to retard the progress of humanity than the friction resulting from conflicting opinions? In intellectual gladiatorial combats have been expended strength and vitality which might, properly applied, have contributed to the speedier moral evolution and elevation of mankind. The heart's best blood has been expended without best results, and aspirations for proper living have fallen beneath the blows of intellectual pride and dominion. Whatever tends to the establishment of friendly relations between intellectual antagonists must be of highest beneficence to mankind, for after heart-union, tolerance must follow.

If liberals are to supplement the doctrine of man's total depravity with that of perpetual imperfection, we certainly do need the existence of some sect that will set before us something more ideal than this. "The millennium would be a calamity!" Is the perfect apple, the perfect animal, the perfect painting, the perfect song, a calamity? Can a world peopled with perfect beings prove a calamity? The life of the one most nearly perfect man who ever lived has done more to bring about the development of humanity than the imperfections of the thousands, and his ideal was perfection of character, perfection of the world.

We boast of our freedom from superstition and creed, of our independence of any mediator, and sometimes of our independence of even God himself.

Perhaps the purity, the beautiful holiness of some life that in humility reveres power greater than himself may bring us to realize that we are not on the high road of soul-progress till we are content to aim at nothing short of perfection of character and the millennium.

Do we not need fellowship with other sects that we may learn humility and modesty? Perchance the nobility of soul of some of our orthodox friends may teach us the necessity of submitting *our* wills and *our* opinions to a higher will and stronger convictions, and instead of regarding association as a patronage on our part, we may have an experience similar to that of Adam Bede, who came to love the (theoretically hated) woman preacher. Association with Dinah not only overcame his prejudice, but humbled and so ennobled him.

"I 've always been thinking I knew better than them as belong to me, and that 's a poor sort o' life, when you can't look to them nearest to you to help you with a bit better thought than what you 've got inside you a'ready." * * *

Hinsdale, Ill.

A Good Templar on the Sea.

The following letter from one of the hard-working missionaries of the liberal faith in Minnesota, written *en route* to attend the International Grand Lodge of Good Templars, which is to be held in Zürich, will, we trust, awaken interest in a reform too much taken for granted:—*Editor.*

ON BOARD S. S. WESTERNLAND,
June 12, 1897.

DEAR NEW UNITY:—I have had a very pleasant voyage across the ocean—lovely weather, a splendid steamer, and a company of very interesting people to associate with.

A sad occurrence found place on board on the second day after we had left New York. A young man, thirty years of age, who was on his way to his old home in the "Fatherland," came on board intoxicated, and died the day after in *delirium tremens*. Saturday at midnight, when all of the passengers were to sleep, we sunk his body in the sea, the last rites being said by my friend, Rev. James Yeames, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Yeames is an Episcopal clergyman, and an old veteran in the Good Templar Order, who also was on his way to Zürich to take part in the deliberations of the International Supreme Lodge. What a coincidence! This young man had, very likely, often laughed at the idea of total abstinence. He had, no doubt, like so many others, defended a moderate indulgence in intoxicating beverages. And here they met—the old Good Templar, who for a quarter of a century had advocated total abstinence, buried the last remains of the once moderate drinker. It is terrible, a terrible curse to the nation this drinking habit; and I often wonder when our real good people in this country will, of their own free will, sacrifice their glass of beer and wine in order to be able to promote the common good. God grant the day will soon come when this curse is blotted out from our land!

I expect to have interesting times in Zürich, as I will meet Good Templars from all over the world. And I am longing to see my sister and other relatives in my native land—Norway—after an absence of fifteen years. Sincerely yours,

JOHN L. ERICKSON.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Past, Present and Future.

FROM A SERMON BY THE REV. THOMAS J. HORNER.

Here and there along through the centuries the old prophetic spirit breaks out and we hear of Abelard, Bruno, Luther, and Servetus, and, in our own age, just as this century was dawning, the spirit of truth seemed to come and take possession of men's minds with a new power, and by its operations the mind of man has been led into the vast temple of the universe. The vista of history has been opened before us as a vision of growth and development, and we are now able to trace all that is false and evil in the life and thought of man back to its origin in the childlike imaginations of the early ages. It is coming now to be possible for men to reason inductively in almost every field of thought, and by so doing, all are coming to see the same visions of truth. Whatever of truth there was in the thought of the past is thus preserved, and what was false and base is cast out of the mind. The idea of the church that is to prevail in the future is the idea that will remain when the last vestige of its history has been examined and tested by this method of modern science. Experience shows us that the Catholic idea, in its extreme form, the idea of the subordination of the individual reason and will to the dictum of the church, degrades man and destroys his own confidence in his spiritual powers. And so this idea of authority vested in the hierarchy of priests has been gradually giving way for a period of about four hundred years, or since the beginning of the Reformation. About two hundred years ago St. Paul's idea came to light again in England, in the movement of the Puritans, called Independency. This was the beginning of Congregationalism, and one of the first children of the movement was that congregation at Schrooby which emigrated to Holland, and thence to Plymouth, on our own New England shore. This colony was sent out by John Robinson, their pastor, with the admonition that there was more light yet to break from God's holy word. Congregationalism meant liberty in things ecclesiastical. It was in this body that a movement called Unitarianism took its rise in New England, a movement which demanded liberty for the mind in all things pertaining to doctrine. Dr. George Gordon in his new book, "The Christ of To-Day," says, speaking of the rise of Unitarianism "Channing, and Hedge, and Peabody, and Furness, and their contemporaries refused to be forever shut up within the consciousness of moral defect and infirmity. The leaders of the Unitarian movement," says he, "were men of exalted spirit; in them the ethical and religious principles lived in great power. They were unimpeachable examples of the high doctrines which they proclaimed. Largely through their inspired fidelity to their high teaching the idea has become current again that the example of Christ is the standard for man." Under the influence of the Unitarian movement in the Congregational churches of New England the idea that the church is a place in which to be saved from perdition was soon relegated to the musty museum of antiquity, and gradually under the influence of liberalism

which, under different names, has been acting like leaven upon the thought and life of the older churches, they have all been honeycombed with the new ideas of these new days, so that we are rapidly coming to a fresh conception of a church and of its purpose in the world, a conception so radically different from that held in the days of our fathers, that there is no more similarity between them than there is between daylight and darkness. This new idea can best be made known by speaking first of what it is not, and then of what it is.

First, it is not in any sense the house of God over and above any other house by virtue of its being a place for Him to dwell in, because God is omnipresent. Science is teaching us that the creative energy of the universe is everywhere constant and never varies but in the mode of its activity. In the second place, it is not a house to hold communion with Him in, with the idea that He cannot be communed with elsewhere; we are only beginning to believe, as Jesus taught us, that God is ready at all times and under all circumstances to commune with the open soul; nor is the church the vestibule of the orthodox heaven, nor has membership in it anything whatever to do with heaven or hell hereafter. What, then, is this modern idea of the church? It is an idea that appeals in no way to the selfish element in human nature. By the church of to-day I mean the more liberal interpretation of that idea. It is, or is coming to be, a voluntary association of men and women, who unite themselves together, not so much for what they can get from such association, as for what they, by united effort, can give of their own soul-life to the world, and thus make the world better. The idea is to create, if possible, a little more of heaven in the life of the present. The idea is not to build a house for God to live in, though it will be still called the house of God, but it will be God's house, because man sets it apart to be used for God's purposes; that is, man is recognizing that the promptings of his own spiritual nature are in harmony with God's life, hence he dedicates his church to these purposes. The idea of the church, then, is to aid in bringing more soul-life into the life of the world, and everything that ministers to the soul's loftiest ideals will find a home there. In so far as worship is an aid to that end, worship is still a part of the purpose of a church and always will remain so, to lift the soul of man above the things of time and bring it into communion with the things that are eternal. In so far as the church is a place dedicated to God's purposes, it is in a vastly truer sense than was believed in the days of old the vestibule of heaven, but the conception of heaven has changed from a fixed abode to that attitude of the human mind which places it in perfect harmony with the purposes of the Infinite. In short, the sole aim and purpose of the church, aside from worship, is coming to be looked upon as a means for the expression of the unselfish side of our human lives. Character, not creed, is coming to be the criterion of membership. Those who join this church and aid in its beneficent mission are not those whose faith is unquestioned so much as those whose lives have a surplus of generosity and sympathy for the world, over and above the needs of their own every-day existence. The purpose of the church, then, being the development of soul-life, the expression of unselfishness, it follows that its building or house must be constructed with that end in view. For the purpose of soul-development the building itself should appeal to every physical sense. The senses are but avenues through which God is ever striving to appeal to man's higher nature through the medium of the external world. Nothing can be too rich or beautiful for this sanctuary of the soul, dedicated to the purpose of God. The ground upon which it stands is surely holy ground. Because it has cut its connections with the superstitions of the past is no reason why its ritual should not be the richest in the world. I believe with Whittier that

> "All of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad,
> Our common daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine."

The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, while fighting against Rome for religious liberty, did the human soul great harm by robbing it of all that appeals to the æsthetic element of its nature. This mistake must be corrected by the church of the future. This church of the future will, too, be made the headquarters of philanthropy and the workshop of the highest kind of culture. Clubs and classes of all kinds, intended to bring out the higher qualities of the soul, will be going and coming continually through its portals. Libraries and reading-rooms belong naturally to such a church. The first public libraries of New England were church libraries, and thus under the influence of this intellectual life our liberalism got its first inspiration. The drama as a means of moral and religious training will not be lost sight of, and few churches will be built without a permanent stage in the Sunday school room; and as man is naturally a social being, the church will be made the social center, the larger home of the people who attend it, —no stranger should ever leave its portals without a friendly greeting and the clasp of a kindly hand. Built by the free contributions of the people, as an expression of the unselfishness of our common lives, it will be dedicated to the worship of God and the service of man.

> "Be then the mission of this church, to link
> Young hearts that feel with older minds that think,
> Reason and faith fast wedded, bound yet free,
> Divinely human life their progeny.
> Here may the vital truth that supersedes
> The dead forgotten creeds,
> Warm and persuade the hearts of young and old,
> And prompt to lofty thoughts and noble deeds,
> A living church, a Christian brotherhood
> In all high effort for the public good.
> So may this temple gather in its fold,
> Conspiring with all agencies that mold
> The race to higher life, till it shall stand
> A beacon in the land,
> And in the coming centuries ever shine
> Steadfast, undimmed, still lit by truth divine."

Industrial Reconciliation.

What Can the Church Do For It?

FROM AN ADDRESS BY REV. G. L. PERRIN, OF BOSTON, BEFORE THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

We have had our "Stone Age," "Iron Age," and "Theological Age," but if I were to characterize the latter part of the nineteenth century I could hardly do it better than by calling it the "Sociological Age." For a good many hundred years theology abounded. Everything seemed to center in theological discussion. These discussions have come down pretty close to our own time. Theology is a thing of such perennial interest that doubtless

we shall go back to it again by and by and relate all our other discussions to this, but temporarily there seems to be a theological truce, a pause in the theological warfare. To-day our discussions are not so much theological as sociological. There is, of course, great interest in politics, but politics, whether national or local, is only a branch of the larger study of sociology, and everywhere profounder thinkers in political economy are so far modifying their canons of criticism as to give their discussions a strong sociological bias. It is, therefore, high time that we are asking what contribution can the Christian church make towards social reform?

In answering a question like this I can deal only with a few broad principles. Let me come directly to the point then, and say:

I. *The church can recognize that there is a social problem.* . . . . . .

Its first duty is to take an interest in the question, to let the world see that it is alert to the immediate and present welfare of mankind. The church has shown no end of interest in man for some other world. It has prayed earnestly and continuously with audible voice and silent prayer and exclamation and song for man's welfare in the next world, while, except incidentally, it has often seemed to take little interest in his welfare in this world. The church has always seemed to be alive to the possible results of the devil's influence upon the souls of men after they die, while it seemed to be pretty indifferent to the result of the devil's influence while men live. All absorbed with the question of how to get man's soul saved for another world, they have been blind to the way men have lived in this world.

. . . . . .

The church must have ideals. Whatever men may say about the necessity of being practical, I contend that the most unpractical man in the world is the man without an ideal, and the most unpractical reformer in the world would be a reformer without an ideal. I heard of a man, in the good old days when plows were run by oxen, who was constantly worried because his oxen would not keep the furrow. They were now out on the right, now on the left, now making a bee-line for water, and again a bee-line for grass. At last, entirely worn out and thoroughly vexed, the driver used the lash vigorously and said, "There, go where you like. This field is all to be plowed, anyhow." We admire the philosophy of the driver, but we cannot recommend his wisdom. This may do for an overworked man trying to drive an unruly pair of oxen, but it will not do for the social reformer. The social reformer must have ideals, the church also must have ideals, and every man who shall amount to anything in this world must have ideals.

(1.) But now at the risk of being thought old-fashioned, and perhaps conservative, *let me affirm that the first ideal of the church must be the formation of individual character.* It may seem a slow way of building society and ushering in the real kingdom of God for this world, but slow as it is, and old-fashioned as it is, it can never be left out of account. Our society, whatever it may be, is made up of individual units. It is made up of men of individual character and personality. Character and personality alone count in the formation of society.

(2.) *But the church will also have social ideals.* Can it possibly be a matter of indifference whether one-half or one-third of our city populations are properly housed or not? Can it be a matter of indifference to the church whether vast numbers of men are properly paid for their labor? Can it possibly be a matter of indifference whether or not great numbers of laborers have work all the year or only a small part of the year? Can it be a matter of indifference whether one-half of the community are living under proper sanitary conditions? Can it be a matter of indifference whether there is to be in our American commonwealth a permanently distempered class or a permanently poor class constantly growing poorer? Can it be a matter of indifference to the church whether our people are educated or uneducated? Is there a man here to-day who would be willing to say that the church may look upon any of these things as matters of indifference? But these are social matters. The moment you touch them at all you need some social ideal. It may be a flexible one, one constantly advancing. Nevertheless, the church should aim at something. It will place its standard somewhere and ask for some definite improvement. But there will be plenty of people ready to say that the business of the church is to take care of the souls of working men, poor men, unfortunate men, but that their social relations and industrial relations must be left to others, probably finally relegating them to the tender mercies of the old economic fetish, the law of supply and demand, admitting practically that there is no help for them. James Adderly, the son of a rich man, who has had the grace to live in a poor man's house in East London in order that he might see how it is himself, raises the question as to what is the proper work of the church and the clergy. He answers in these words: "Surely a part of that work is to look after people's bodies, not as a pastime, but as an integral part of their legitimate work. Everybody agrees that it is proper for the clergy to give away blankets and soup, but directly we go to the root of the matter and try for prevention rather than cure it is called outside our province. It is right to give pudding to a starving family, but wrong to organize a trade union which might prevent the family from starving at all. It is right to take medicine to children down with typhoid and diphtheria, but wrong to set the sanitary inspector to mend the drain, to join a reform union, to fight the landlords who let them get wrong, or to agitate against jerry building.

"We are told that this work is unspiritual. I deny it. I do not feel that I am doing a less spiritual thing when I take the chair of a trade union meeting than when I preside at a mother's meeting. It cannot be unspiritual to attempt to face moral questions."

The attitude of the church must be that of profound and perennial interest; the attitude of a student seeking light in every direction and fearlessly making application of the truth, wherever it may be found, to all the problems of life. If I may be pardoned the apparent egotism of reference.

III. *The Every-Day Church is making an honest effort to see the problem on the one side and to hold up great social ideals.* It would abate no jot of earnestness in its work for man as a spiritual being, made for eternity, but it would not forget that man is

living even now in the eternal world. It holds strongly to the conviction that the ideal of Jesus was to establish a kingdom of God on earth by ennobling the individual soul and setting men together in correct mutual relations. No one would question that the service of morning and evening prayer with sermon is spiritual, but (1) *we have a Day Nursery.* Who shall say that that is unspiritual? Here, while the mothers go out to become breadwinners, the babies are cared for with loving attention. They are nursed, and nourished, and amused, and taught during the livelong day, carrying back into their uncomfortable homes the sweet influence of the Nursery experience. Though nothing were said of God, though there were no prayer, who shall say that there is no spiritual influence upon the life of the child, reacting again upon the life of father and mother, making by its very contagion a better home and better lives. No one would question that the Friday evening prayer-meeting is a spiritual agency, but (2) *we have also a Social Science Conference.*

Here laboring men and others meet to talk about their common needs, to discuss the various problems that do concern their everyday life. They do not talk about God, perhaps, but they discuss conditions of labor, rates of wages, problems of the strike and lockout, education, temperance, etc., etc. Who shall say that all this is unspiritual? If through these discussions men come to a little better understanding of what justice requires, if they are able to stir themselves up to more faithful and honest work, if through mutual counsel they can arrive at better conclusions as to co-operation, etc., who shall say that in this Social Science Conference we are performing unspiritual work? (3) *We have our Girl's Industrial Classes,* (4) *Boys' Clubs,* (5) *our Mothers' Meetings,* (6) *our Summer Flower Work,* (7) *our Children's Outing,* (8) *our Free Legal Bureau,* (9) *our Young Men's Benefit Club.*

Each one of these enterprises has in view the immediate welfare of some class of our community. Now we are thinking of the boys of our neighborhood, now of the girls, now the young men, again we have in view the bettering of home conditions, once more the entertainment of the masses, again some sympathetic relation between employer and employee. Meanwhile, all the religious activities of the church are maintained, all the religious services are held as of old. But while we are thinking of the religious nature, we are also thinking of the physical nature, of moral conditions, of social conditions. We would try to keep alive the dream of the Master, of a kingdom of God on earth. We would spend not a moment upon the question of how to get a man into heaven in some other world, but we would give infinite care to the question of how to bring heavenly conditions among men here, and how to get the heavenly spirit into the hearts of men. The immediate problems are before us: How are men living? How are they working? How goes the battle of life? What about education? What about moral reform, the temperance question, social purity, wages, amusement? Once more, we repeat, none of these things are matters of indifference. We would not ignore them, we would think about them, we would grapple with them, we would do the best we can to solve them. To this end we invoke the co-operation and fellowship of men and the blessing of God.

The Study Table.

A Vegetarian Cook-Book.*

Probably nowhere else do such excellent vegetables grow as in America, where the comparative freshness of the soil gives intense and pervasive flavors to its products which are unknown in old countries; and certainly nowhere else is there so little knowledge of that branch of culinary art which belongs to vegetables. It is unfortunate that Americans have been given the best and yet do not know how to make the best use of it. *Practical Vegetarian Cookery* is a book which takes a long step to meet this discrepancy, though one could wish that its five hundred recipes were five times five hundred, for they are gastronomically correct, accurately written, and above all, fulfill their promise of practicality. The chapters on cheese, eggs, and invalid cookery, are particularly rich in suggestions for new and appetizing dishes.

Whatever may be one's convictions of the ethical or hygienic importance of vegetarianism, one will find this book a valuable addition to one's kitchen library, while to vegetarians the appended table of dainty menus will prove especially serviceable. The book is prettily and most appropriately bound, but is disfigured by several pages of flamboyant advertisements, which run on from the text proper, and which from their nature may seriously injure the sale of the book. G. V.

Col. Higginson's Book and Heart.†

Colonel Higginson has written a very beautiful sonnet, which appears in *The Century* for July—"Such stuff as dreams are made of." It voices a longing for the shadowy presences of the dream-world, and recognizes their friendliness and graciousness; but the peculiar charm of the poem is the fine choice of those words which so suggest the peaceful enchantment of dreams that they almost "draw sweet sleep down from the blissful skies." It is, perhaps, extraordinary to say in commendation of an author that he almost puts one to sleep, yet what can one say more than that he infuses his reader's spirit with the spirit of his poem?

Suggestiveness is one of the most delightful, and at the same time one of the strongest, characteristics of Colonel Higginson's work. This I noticed particularly while reading his *Book and Heart,* recently published. At the end of each essay the impulse was to lay down the book and discuss the subject. One wants to thank him for "The Next Step in Journalism," to argue about "The Really Interesting People," and to continue "Over Clubbableness." Sometimes one agrees and sometimes one disagrees with the author's point of view, but always one is left with a question or a comment at one's lips. So that the book will charm perennially, for it leaves the reader more interested in the subject when he finishes than when he began to read. For pastime, for odd, delightful bits of information, for glimpses at a fine and sound philosophy of literature and life, *Book and Heart* is good. But as a mental stimulant it is excellent and rare. G. V.

*Practical Vegetarian Cookery.—Edited by the Countess Wachmeister and Kate Buffington Davis. Mercury Publishing Co. San Francisco. Price, $1.00. Post-paid.

†Book and Heart.—By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Harper & Brothers. New York.

"Ten Noble Poems."

Some of those who will acquaint themselves with the little pamphlet just issued, with the above title, will probably be tantalized, as was the editor, by the suggestion of the one "anonymous" poem entitled "The Pearl," marked "Middle English." Prof. F. I. Carpenter, of the University of Chicago, who suggests this poem as one entitled to a place among the superlative ten, in a private letter gives the following information concerning the accessibility of this poem which we print for the benefit of others who may be curious as we were:

"The Pearl," so far as I know, exists only in two modern editions, that of the Early English Text Society, and the more recent and very beautiful edition of Israel Gollancz, published by David Nutt, London, 1891 (500 copies), with frontispiece by Holman Hunt, an introductory quatrain by Tennyson, and modern rendering by the editor. Selections from it are given by Dr. Macdonald in his "England's Antiphon." It is, I should say, about as long as "In Memoriam." Mr. Gollancz's edition is well worth possessing.

The School Journal.

If I were ready to select one school paper or magazine for family use it would be the *School Journal* published in New York and Chicago. The twenty-seventh annual number is one of the most remarkable products of the kind I have ever seen. The wood cuts are fine art, while the articles are by the ablest and most distinguished educators of the land, led off by W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. Every page is sprinkled with portraits of men of marked ability as educators. Every family ought to know more about education. Every man ought to keep pace with what the world is thinking and doing in the school as well as in politics. Those who know, or think they do, a great deal about church and state and leave their children to be taught by others, without consideration or examination themselves, are too stupid to own children. E. P. P.

The Macmillans have sent out one more of the Rural Science Series. These books are absolutely invaluable to farmers and horticulturists. Whoever has a small garden should have them. Nothing of the sort in quality has ever been given the American public. This last volume, "On the Principles of Fruit Growing," is the best of all. It is exhaustive in the way of giving information and answering every question that can be asked by either amateur or expert. It discusses location and climate, with wind breaks, mulching, and other protections; proper tillage, best fertilization for all sorts of fruits; how to lay out grounds economically; general care of all sorts of plants; plant diseases and remedies; spraying and fungus and insects, and not least important is the attention paid to marketing. You will never regret buying this book if you grow fruit. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York City. Price, $1.25. E. P. P.

Kosmos is the name of a new magazine venture, the first number bearing August, 1897, on its cover. The publishing office is Vineland, N. J., and the editor is Adolph Roeder. Judging from the initial number, it will be a journal devoted to psychological interpretations of past and present, to which task the editor evidently brings a degree of classic culture and scientific freedom. We will await further numbers with interest.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—As our spiritual vision gains in acuteness, the objective universe grows more beautiful.

MON.—Nature and spirit can no more be divorced than a stream and its fountain.

TUES.—In human evolution character is transformed by its own ideal.

WED.—No evil can ever harm us except as we build it into our world with our own hands.

THURS.—Man's spiritual ideal is to be a channel through which the divine life and love may flow out to his fellows.

FRI.—The spiritual world is as truly here as in a future condition. The vital test is not time nor location, but moral quality.

SAT.—However good and perfect the to-day, it bids men look for a better to-morrow.

HENRY WOOD.

Spin Cheerfully.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.

The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design;
Seek not too often to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each somber fold;
For lo, within each darker thread
There twines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

—*Selected.*

Iron Visiting-Cards.

So many dainty cards are made in the present day that it seems like going back to less luxurious times to talk of visiting-cards made of iron. Such cards, however, were not very long ago introduced as a novelty on the continent of Europe, and so far from being a step backward toward the days when luxuries were unknown, they have proved that it is possible for paper to be excelled by iron, even on its own ground.

The cards were not really a novelty, but only a former novelty revived. The first time they were heard of was at the first Universal Exhibition, at London, in 1851. The exhibit, which was made by an American firm, awoke the emulation of British manufacturers, and a lively competition in iron-rolling ensued, its object being to see to what degree of thinness the metal could be rolled cold.

Mr. Gillott succeeded in rolling sheets the average thickness of which was the eighteen hundredth part of an inch. In other words, eighteen hundred sheets piled one upon another would measure an inch in thickness, while of the thinnest tissue paper to be bought only twelve hundred sheets could be piled to an inch. *The Paper Maker's Journal* says that these thin iron sheets are perfectly smooth and easy

to write on, though they are seen to be porous when held to the light.

But there were still other victories to win in the line of iron-working, and a further contest ensued as to the extent to which thin sheets could be rolled from welded iron. Again the first victory belonged to America. More than fifty years ago there went from this country to England a wonderful letter, that started from Pittsburg, and was written on a sheet made from welded iron, yet so thin that a thousand such sheets only made an inch in thickness. With a surface of forty-four inches the sheet weighed but sixty-nine grains. That was the first step.

Such a hubbub as there was when this light-weight metal sheet reached England! Britain's sons set to work, and soon it was known that the Marshfield Iron Works, at Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, had made a sheet of the same extent of surface, but weighing one-third less.

Then came the climax. From the Upper Forest Tin Works, near Swansea, came a sheet rolled from iron made on the premises, forty-four surface inches of which weighed but sixteen grains. It would have required four thousand eight hundred of such sheets to make an inch in thickness, and therefore four sheets of iron would have been needed to make the thickness of a sheet of tissue paper.—*Youth's Companion.*

Books for the Young.

Any one who has been compelled to make the acquaintance of that minor literature which has sprung up, apparently, in the interest of childhood, must have observed how very little parents and guardians figure in it, and how completely children are separated from their elders. The most popular books for the young are those which represent boys and girls as seeking their fortune, working out their own schemes, driving railway-trains and steamboats it may be, managing farms, or engaging in adventures which elicit all their uncommon heroism. The same tendency is exhibited in less exaggerated form: children in the schoolroom, or at play, forming clubs amongst themselves, having their own views upon all conceivable subjects, torturing the English language without rebuke, opening correspondence with newspapers and magazines, starting newspapers and magazines of their own, organizing, setting up miniature society,—this is the general spectacle to be observed in books for young people, and the parent or two, now and then visible, is as much in the background as the child was in earlier literature.

All this is more or less a reflection of actual life, and as such has an unconscious value. I would not press its significance too far, but I think it points to a serious defect in our society life. This very ephemeral literature is symptomatic of a condition of things, rather than causative. It has not nearly so much influence on young life as it is itself the natural concomitant of a maladjustment of society, and the corrective will be found only as a healthier social condition is reached. The disintegration of the family, through a feeble sense of the sacredness of marriage, is an evil which is not to be remedied by any specific of law or literature, but so long as it goes on it inevitably affects literature. The spectacle of a healthy family life, in which children move freely and joyously, is not so rare as to make models hard to be found, and any one who is busy with the production of books for young people would do a great service to young America to bring back the wise mother and father into juvenile literature.—*Horace E. Scudder, in Childhood in Literature and Art.*

After Many Years.

The sorrows of childhood are very tragic, and they are not likely to pass away with the days which gave them birth. Little things seem so big to us then, and big things so impossible to bear!

A middle-aged woman not long ago went back to the village where she had spent her childhood, and there she was made much of on account of the admirable standing of her family in the community. One tea-party after another was given for her, and at each she was the happy center of attention. But at one such festivity she was seen to be manifestly uncomfortable, and very early proposed to the lady who had come with her that they should take their leave.

"Why, you 'll break up the party!" said the other, "Are n't you well?"

"Yes," was the hesitating answer, "quite well—but—oh, there she comes now!"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Lane, is n't it? The lady in the gray silk. Some one said it was she. I have n't seen her for twenty-five years."

"Yes, that 's Mrs. Lane, and she 's coming to speak to you. Why, what makes you so embarrassed?"

For the guest of honor was flushing and dropping her glance before the sweet old lady who approached.

"Well, my dear," said the latter, "you don't know me, but I remember you when you were a little girl as pretty as a pink."

Then the visitor suddenly laughed out in the midst of her embarrassment

"But I *do* remember you, Mrs. Lane," she said, "and if I had been sure of meeting you, I should never have had the courage to come here to-day."

Everybody stared, and the dear old lady began to look pained and troubled.

"When I was a very little girl," the lady went on, still smiling, "I went to a children's party at your house. We had little tea-tables set out on the lawn, and I, shy and very awkward, fell against one and knocked it over, with sandwiches, cake, and lemonade! Worse than all, at least six plates of your delicate china were broken.

"Sometimes I wake up at night and remember your broken china, and I try to think whether I ever heard that it was an old and precious set. You were kindness itself at the time, but I have always felt that if ever we met, you would know me by instinct, and say to yourself, '*That's* the little girl who was so clumsy!'"

The two women came a step nearer each other, and there were tears in their eyes. The older one bent forward.

"You dear child!" said she. "I 'd forgotten all about it. And I 'd rather smash all the china I ever had with my own hand than have had any human creature suffer so!"

They kissed each other, and at least one wound in the world was healed.—*Youths' Companion.*

A 24-page Weekly. **THE NEW UNITY** $2.00 per Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

ALFRED C. CLARK, 185 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Remittances should be made payable to Alfred C. Clark, and may be by express or money order, postoffice money order, draft, check, or registered letter, as most convenient. The date following your name on your paper's "yellow label" will show the date to which your remittance has been paid. Noother receipt is given unless stamp is sent.

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Changes of Address.—When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

CALIFORNIA.—Rev. J. S. Thompson, after an exciting and popular pastorate, has resigned his work at Los Angeles. Mr. Thompson entered the liberal work in the West from the extreme left wing of Unitarianism. He drops the work at California, if we understand it, on the extreme right, if conservatism of theology is represented by that wing. He is a strong speaker, and people will crowd to hear him, whatever he may say.

MICHIGAN.—Rev. S. J. Stewart, after a period of business activity, has returned to the ministry and has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Independent church at Battle Creek, and the church starts out "with prospects," as one of the officers assures us, "that were never better." * * * Rev. Leslie Sprague, after a period of missionary work in Boston, is to take up, the first of September, the work at Grand Rapids, It is to be hoped that the union of the Unitarian and Universalist elements at All Souls Church, a building owned by the Universalists, will prove a real fusion, and that the work at this place will go on as it deserves to go on, undisturbed by the petty rivalries that weaken the liberal interest and often discourage the liberal worker. Thus the cause of undenominational liberalism in Michigan is strikingly strengthened by the addition of these two men located in these two important centers. These, with Caroline Bartlett Crane at Kalamazoo, Reed Stuart at Detroit, and the open hand and hospitable spirit of the ministers found in the Unitarian, Universalist, and Jewish pulpits of the state, ought promptly to put Michigan as the banner state of the cause represented by the Liberal Congress and THE NEW UNITY, as it is the banner state in so many other respects.

THE COMING TOGETHER.—We have already spoken in anticipation of the conference to be held on the Isle of Shoals in the interest of a common Congregationalism, at which Messrs. George Batchelor and George L. Chaney were to speak for the Unitarians, and Doctors Moxom and Barton to speak for the Trinitarian Congregationalism. Our readers will be glad to read the following report of the discussion, taken from the *Christian Register* of July 22d:

Rev. George Batchelor began the consideration of "Our Common Congregational Heritage and Sympathies" by noting the ease with which men pass from one branch of the Congregational Church to the other, showing that the old assumptions of infallibility have given way on both sides, and that our differences are recognized as intellectual, not moral. Seeking our agreements, he found these in our social traditions and in our ethical inheritance, which gives us the same standards of right and wrong. Our history is the same; our religious principles are the same. For, while our creeds differ, we are united by the essentials of faith, divided by the non-essentials. It is time for us to see how far we can work together in educational, philanthropic, social, and political lines.

Dr. Moxom said Amen to the words of Mr. Batchelor. In our common heritage the first gift is freedom from ecclesiasticism and from sarcerdotalism. Congregationalism represents the democracy of the church, the republic of God, in which every man counts for the full measure of his personal influence, with no rite nor priest to come between him and God. Religion is imprisoned in no symbol, but God himself is the ultimate environment of every soul. Second, it is our elemental tradition that religion is rationally conceived as well as spiritually felt. We have been nurtured in the intellectual life, and our history is marked by great thinkers. We have persecuted our heretics; but, in the main, we have been the first to denounce the persecutions. There are a few churches in the land that a mediæval creed will fit, but not many; for to-day, whatever may be the confession of faith written on the church book, ministers and congregations are thinking for themselves. There is another inheritance that we are in danger of losing,—that of reverence for moral authority, the distinctive characteristic of our fathers, who were incarnated consciences. We, who inherit from the Puritan and Pilgrim their traditions, names, and spirit, must remember that the most precious inheritance is a sense of the sovereignty of the moral law.

Rev. George L. Chaney showed how original Congregationalism was a step forward toward the purpose of Jesus, as expressed by the author of "Ecce Homo,"—the establishment of "a kingdom of self-governing friends,"—and how it had for its distinguishing flavor a discernment of the sanctity of the soul, the right of private judgment, the duty of obedience to the voice within, and the way of social unity by individual righteousness. Our present differences are chiefly manifest in our thought and speech about Jesus. To-day, however impossible organic unity may be, there is nothing to prevent us from standing shoulder so shoulder, as for instance, in a campaign for peace and the abolition of war.

Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., after telling two or three good stories, considered especially the common sympathies of Congregationalists, finding these in all that makes up our interest in the present and future of humanity, in our interest with all wise and righteous social movements, and in all those things that make for better government. We are in sympathy with all practical interdenominational co-operation and in our quest for truth; and we agree in our sympathy with doctrine that has a direct bearing on character and a holy impatience with any that has no such relation to right living.

The evening meeting continued the subject of the morning; and, in this connection, a letter received from Rev. T. T. Munger, and read by Rev. D. M. Wilson, is interesting. After regretting his inability to be present, he wrote:

I sympathize with the objects of your conference, and rejoice in everything that brings our two bodies into closer relations. I feel sure that reunion will come in time. It will not come at once, but time and change of opinion on each side and charity will bring it about. It will not be by capitulation, nor can it be effected by management; it will come by development, and because we have grown toward each other.

Rev. A. M. Lord, of Providence, read a paper on "Lines of Advance Toward Unity," asserting, finally, the need of each instrument in the universal symphony, and that we have not yet begun to get out of our Congregational heritage and traditions all there is in them. Rev. E. D. Towle felt that it needs all the churches in a town to make up the church of God in that town, and pleaded for practical co-operation. Christianity means, not many ways of thinking, but one way of living. A vivid, picturesque speech followed from Hon. William H. Eustis of Minneapolis, who emphasized his belief that the spirit of the age is the spirit of humanity and brotherhood by anecdote and illustration. In a few earnest words Rev. B. F. McDaniel of Newton Center pictured Unitarianism

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as both a movement and a church, gaining expansive power by the combination of the two.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION sends us the published proceedings of its thirtieth anniversary held last May, which contains the addresses delivered on that occasion. Among the speakers were Mr. Mangasarian, Dr. Guthrie of Philadelphia (an Episcopalian), Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, and others. Altogether the pamphlet is most excellent reading, and we wish for it wide circulation.

ENGLISH UNITARIANS.—The seventy-second annual report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, presented last June, is in pamphlet form before us. Its annual aggregate receipts for memberships, subscriptions, and donations are upwards of twelve thousand dollars. The pamphlet contains much detailed information concerning the Unitarian world in England.

Old and New.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go round the other way." —*Household Words.*

A lady who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great tenement-house in the slum district. Every time she visited the Currans the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran: "Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you." "They do so," acquiesced Mrs. Curran. "Do they ask you about it?" "Indade they do, ma'am." "And do you tell them?" "Faith, thin, and Oi do not." "What do you tell them?" "Oi just tell thim you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that." —*Harper's Bazar.*

The Royal Family.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has now 70 descendants—quite an army—composed of 7 children, 33 grandchildren, and 30 great-grandchildren. Her Majesty is now 78 years old, the Prince of Wales 55, the Duke of York 32, and Prince Edward, his son, 3 years.—*Exchange.*

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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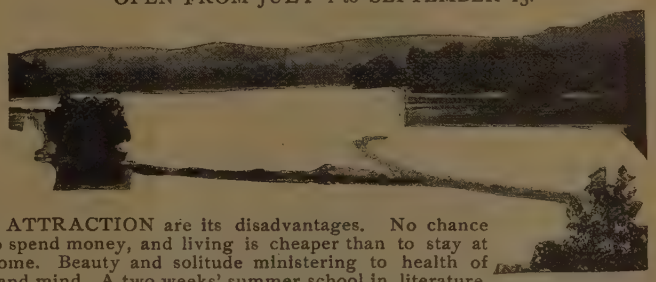

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established Anglican Church, settled in Holland. They were led by the Reverend John Robinson. Failing to become reconciled to the customs and habits of the Dutch, these humble Puritans, who felt that they were only pilgrims in this world, resolved to emigrate to the wilds of America, where they might worship God in their own way.

These Puritans in Holland formed a partnership with some London merchants, who furnished them with capital for their enterprise. They returned to England; and in September, 1620, one hundred and one of these pious men and women sailed for New England in a vessel called the *Mayflower*. These *Pilgrim Fathers*, as they are called, landed on a rock on the coast of Massachusetts bay, on the 21st of December, 1620. They named the place of landing *Plymouth*, and the town which they founded is the oldest in New England. In the cabin of the Mayflower, just before landing, they had adopted a written constitution of government, and chosen John Carver for their governor. Several months after their landing (March 21, 1621) Governor Carver made a treaty of friendship with Massasoit, the sachem of the Wampanoag Indians. A few days after this treaty Governor Carver died, and William Bradford became governor of the colony. Many of the settlers had died during the winter. Other emigrants came. In 1627 the Plymouth colonists purchased the interests of the London merchants, and became the sole proprietors of the country in which they had established themselves; and in 1634 they abolished their pure democracy, and adopted the more convenient form of representative government.

In 1628 John Endicott and one hundred Puritan emigrants founded Salem. They had been sent from England by a company which the following year (1629) was incorporated *The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England*. In the same year the Company assigned the charter and government to the colonists. During 1629 other immigrants arrived and settled Charlestown.

In 1630 a large number of Puritans from England arrived at Salem, with John Winthrop as governor. Some of them made settlements at Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, Cambridge and Lynn; while Winthrop and others settled Boston, which became the capital of the Massachusetts Bay colony and the future metropolis of New England. In 1634 representative government was established in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

THE MAYFLOWER.

The Puritans, who had just suffered so much persecution in England for their religious opinions, were no sooner settled in New England than they became persecutors themselves, and allowed no toleration for difference of opinion in religious or civil matters. In 1635 Roger Williams, a Puritan minister of the gospel, was banished from the Massachusetts Bay colony, because he advocated toleration for all religious beliefs. Williams founded the colony

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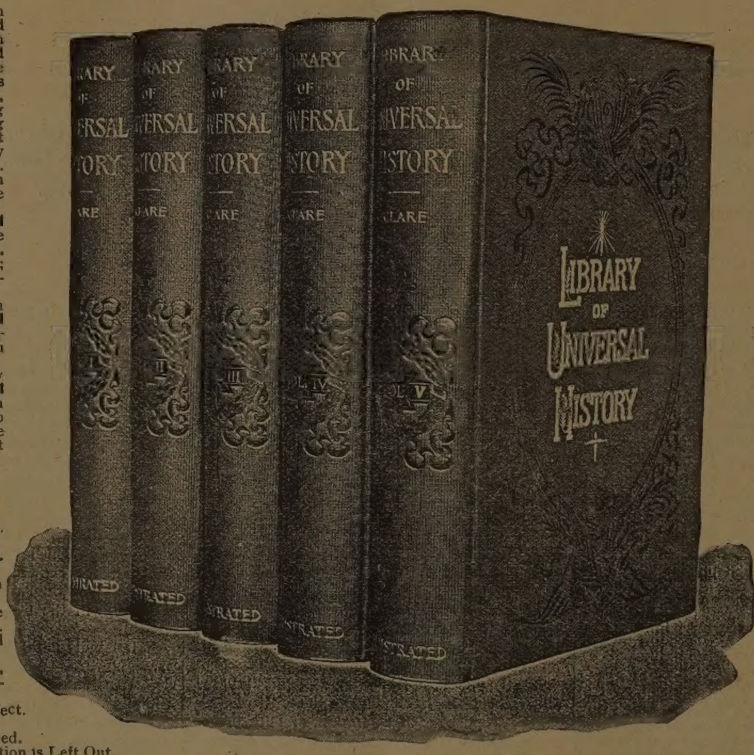

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